

## THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1910.

Entered at the post office at Barre as second-class matter.

Published every week-day afternoon. Subscriptions: One year, \$3.00; one month, 25 cents; single copy, 1 cent. Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,430

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

The Tillman children will now go where they belong.

It is a warm reception which Dr. Cook is said to be getting in Chile.

A full in "nominations" and declarations in Vermont. Last opportunities.

A Burlington nominee for alderman says he didn't authorize it and won't stand for it. Cages him quickly!

Montpelier's City Hall is proving quite a big one, but Montpelier has known the need for a long time.

There are "civics," "independents" and "citizens" running for office in Barre, and we hope they are all "pro bono publico" candidates.

The American has will have to pay for her European sister, for the latter has just sent 80,000 dozens of eggs to the United States. That's a new competition.

Barre is fairly on tiptoes to know what Vice-President Fitzgerald has up his sleeve for railroad development in Barre. Of course it isn't a marked card!

Having placed his school in a financial stranglehold, Principal Bishop of Montpelier seminary goes off to Mexico for a rest. And he has well earned it, too; and the Montpelier institution will always have cause to remember him. May he secure the rest which he craves and return recuperated to take up his school work again!

The Grand Trunk railroad is bidding to come up to the significance of its name as the grand trunk of the railroad systems from ocean to ocean; and the proposal to get a line through to Providence, R. I., is an evidence of the ambition. It expects to have spliced the last rail to the western ocean within a comparatively short time, after tremendous work, beside which the continuation of a complete line through New England to Providence would be merely an incident, so far as the magnitude of the operations is concerned.

## BREAKING OUT RURAL ROADS.

The Boston Transcript mourns because the rural people do not display the energy of fifty years ago in breaking out roads after a heavy snowstorm, which, perhaps, true for this reason, that the rural people do not have to exert the same measure of energy that their fathers put into the work. Nowadays, the town's road department, with proper equipment does a task which was the labor of a whole community in the days fifty years ago, and does it, too, in a reasonably expeditious manner. Besides, the oxen which were used fifty years ago to wallow paths through the drifts have been displaced by horses on the farms; and horses are not nearly so satisfactory agencies for breaking roads as oxen. But the chief reason for the lack of common energy on the part of the rural population is, as stated above, because the various kinds of public work have been systematized and centralized in single departments, whereas fifty years ago the public work was more often everybody's work. Breaking roads is the work of the road department, and, whatever may be the complaint in Massachusetts, the work is done well enough in Vermont for practical purposes, while at the same time the collective energy of the community is being spent on some other line of work.

## A SENSIBLE POLITICIAN FOUND.

A proper sense of the fitness of things comes to possess Robert P. Bass of Peterborough, N. H., who has been forced into the light of publicity as a possible candidate for governor of New Hampshire. When approached by friends and urged to run for the position, he did not with unseemly haste take himself into the rush for the place; but he calmly told his friends that if he found any general demand throughout the state for him to become a candidate, then he would gladly offer himself to the consideration of the voters; otherwise, he should refrain from forcing himself upon the public of New Hampshire, or at least, that is the inference from his remarks to his friends. In consequence, the friends have taken it upon themselves to determine whether there is "any general demand" for Senator Bass and will report their observations to him in due season.

That Senator Bass should have taken this sensible stand in the face of the fact that the newspapers in New Hampshire and various public men have persistently mentioned his name in connection with the executive position is certainly commendable. He apparently has the foresight to perceive that something more than the mere say-so of some news-

papers and some people is necessary to indicate that the rank and file of the people wish him for governor, and he is not, egotistically, to obtrude himself on an unwilling people. Such modesty in a man who has risen to the prominence of being mentioned for governor of New Hampshire is a rare virtue. Indeed, Senator Bass' quiet statement that he wants to know public sentiment concerning himself before committing himself to the first ought to advance, rather than retard, the movement which his friends have started in his behalf. At the same time, such a decision might save his party considerable embarrassment when the actual vote-taking comes, or it would in a state less strongly Republican than New Hampshire is. Senator Bass makes a favorable impression, at any rate, by his self-restraint. Vermont politicians have been known to exercise the same quality; but, unfortunately, the practice is not entirely common to all of them, as we see now and then, to the disgust of many people.

## CURRENT COMMENT

## Non-Partisan St. Albans.

St. Albans Democrats and Republicans alike are to be commended for their good judgment in getting together and agreeing on a ticket of city officers to be voted for at the coming election. Candidates have been chosen for their fitness rather than for their party affiliations. This is wise and businesslike. There is absolutely no more reason or sense in carrying party politics into the management of a city than there is in the management of a store or factory. —Rutland News.

## A Spotter.

The News protests against the application of the uncomplimentary term "spotter" to an experienced and capable teacher employed in going from grade to grade throughout the Rutland schools to observe, criticize or commend, and report on the efficiency of the various teachers. This teacher was really engaged to help the superintendent do work that, if entirely competent, he could do, and should have done, himself. Let us call this special teacher a "spotter" and let the superintendent be the "spotter." The superintendent of the Rutland public schools has manifestly required expert help in his work. It is a decided injustice to call this aid a "spotter," who is rather "assistant spotter." Let's be fair! —Rutland News.

## The Fading Roses.

The eager opponents of Mead in his candidacy for the governorship have, in seeking for grounds of opposition, claimed that he was not young enough, and have been casting anxious eyes toward Olin Merrill of Enosburg. It was claimed that he was the able and acceptable one. He is a few years the junior of Dr. Mead, and travels about and seems in good health, in fact, he has just returned from a trip to New York and Washington. But he has with him in a few days given out a public statement to the effect that the condition of his health is such that he cannot even become a candidate. We all regret his ill health and hope for his speedy recovery. But had it not been for his announcement, the opponents of Dr. Mead would have gone on with their same fallacious argument, and possibly have convinced some voters their way, while in fact the same physical condition on the part of Merrill would have existed, and although Mead would probably have continued to have been, as he is now, one of the hardest working business men in Vermont, devoting quite likely as many hours of each working day to exacting cares and duties as any man in the state. And so his weakly fallacy another cherished argument of the opposition. "One by one the roses fade." —Newport Express.

## Edmund's Opinion.

Ex-United States Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont believes that it is possible for the several state and the United States, by coordinate action, to destroy the existing and prevent threatened evils of trusts without amendment to the constitution of the United States. He believes the so-called Sherman law has been left by successive administrations in what the late President Cleveland would have called a state of "incomplete desuetude." He says the statute was not framed by Mr. Sherman or by any member of the finance committee which reported it. As reported it was referred to the judiciary committee. After all the ensuing clause was stricken out an entirely different series of provisions was inserted. These provisions were put in the very form in which they now stand in the statute by one of the members of that committee, and agreed upon unanimously by it, and so reported to the Senate. "The act was not intended to be an administrative act in any sense, but it was intended to provide, in broad and all-embracing language, for the prevention and punishment of restraint of trade with foreign nations and among the several states in whatever form that restraint should be exercised. It appeared to the committee that Congress could go no further in that direction in that

## SECURITY

For valuable papers is afforded by our SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES.

Is it worth a cent a day to you to know that your papers, deeds and insurance policies are SAFE?

Why not investigate?

## Granite

Savings Bank & Trust Company, Barre, Vermont.



If this is what you want, this is the place to get it. Certainly Comfort, with a big C is the first consideration for your feet if you are a man of sense.

The next point for the man of sense is—not to pinch on the dollars when the feet are concerned.

Our \$4 Shoes are a combination of economy, satisfaction and style.

Rubbers for Men and Boys.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.



The big store with little prices. 174 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

branch of the general subject. Mr. Edmunds was a member of the committee at the time the law was enacted. —Bristol Phoenix.

## Railroad Timetable Advertising.

Notwithstanding the St. Albans Messenger's recent lengthy effort to enlighten The News, it still fails to see where the railroads would gain anything by paying for their timetable advertising in transferable mileage, as against cash.

If railroad mileage were of a transferable value, or a manufactured product, the better principle so well set forth by The Messenger would apply. But railroad mileage has a fixed value as real as a bank value. Under these circumstances, it will seem to The News that it is a superfluous on the part of railroad managements when they insist that they really cannot afford to run their timetables in the newspapers for the benefit of the patrons along their lines, unless they can pay for the same in mileage, instead of actual money.

On the other hand, these mileage are just as good to the publishers as their bare value in cash. The railroads would do the public a real service by reinserting their timetables in the newspapers, and The News has been satisfied that the present law prohibiting an exchange of advertising for mileage, ought for the public good to be amended by the next legislature. Whether this is brought about, or no action is taken, The News is, and always has been, opposed to the frequent suggestion that the railroad companies be compelled by law to run their timetables as advertisements. Aside from the question of the constitutionality of such a law, of which The News knows nothing, the principle is radically wrong. —Northfield News.

## FAVORS FLEETWOOD.

St. Albans Messenger Supports Him in Preference to Mead.

While the canvass for the Republican nomination for governor of Vermont has still four months to run, events are so shaping themselves that it is not too early for men or newspapers of any positive mind about the present situation to declare their preference between the two candidates now left in the field. The Messenger will have much pleasure in advocating the nomination of Frederick G. Fleetwood of Morrisville, for reasons that it will hope to dwell upon in detail from time to time in these columns, but which it may now generalize in saying that it sincerely believes he is the most deserving man now in the field or from beyond indications likely to be. The Messenger has confidence in Mr. Fleetwood's ability to discharge the duties of the governorship to public satisfaction. It has the assurance of his private and public records that his character betrays the dignity to which he aspires. It has a warm regard for his personality and a high opinion of his usefulness and good intentions of his citizenship. And it believes we are now facing a time in the history of Vermont politics when the men of the generation that has the most years ahead of it must, in very self protection, establish beyond question the fact of a conscientious and patriotic Vermont public sentiment that the governorship and all other public office in this state shall be open to abilities and deserving men that cannot afford to finance an expensive political propaganda to secure them. —St. Albans Messenger.

## BURLINGTON STORE ROBBED.

Burglar Got Only \$15, However, from Cash Drawer.

Burlington, Feb. 16.—The Ferguson & Adams store was burglarized on Monday night, the thieves taking \$15 from the cash drawer, but nothing else was taken. After the cash drawer was robbed Monday the teller window was left unlocked and the thieves gained access by this route, pulling the staple in the lock on the door leading to the cellar.

There is No Wit Like self-applied attention, and no wisdom like that of Rindley, who substituted facts for impressions. We earnestly invite you to consider our means of substituting life insurance for yourself when you are gone. Get your National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual). E. S. Ballard, General agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. B. Ballard, local agent, Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual).

## SPRECKELS WILL SET ASIDE.

By Decision All Children Will Share Alike in Estate.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 15.—The trust clause in the will of the late sugar millionaire, Claus Spreckels, was declared invalid under the California law by Judge Coffey in the superior court yesterday. By this decision, John D. Spreckels and Claus A. Spreckels, who are executors under the will, sought to preserve it, giving to themselves practically all of the \$10,000,000 estate, less the bequest to the widow, Mrs. Anna Christina Spreckels, who died yesterday morning. The bequest to the widow amount to about \$2,500,000. By the construction the executors sought to preserve Rudolph and Claus would receive the residue of the estate, allowing their sister, Mrs. Emma Petris, only a life interest in the one-third of the residue and upon her death, her share reverting to them.

The decision nullified the will in its provisions entirely except the bequest to the widow. This means that instead of Rudolph and Claus A. Spreckels receiving the residue of about \$7,500,000 on the death of their sister, or approximately \$5,000,000 with the probating of the will, the entire residue will be distributed between John D. Adolph, Rudolph, Claus A. Spreckels and Mrs. Petris. Claus Spreckels created a trust which is not permitted under the California law, as exemplified by the Fair will contest. Mrs. Anna Christina Spreckels, widow of the millionaire died yesterday morning after an illness of more than a year. She was 78 years old.

## JINGLES AND JESTS

## A Hunter.

He never shot a lion,  
He never hunted bear;  
He never chased a glib-glib  
Or a homp to its lair.  
He never tamed a snortle  
Or laid a yapper low,  
And yet he is a hunter  
Whom it's worth you while to know.

In breathless expectation  
He creeps on hands and knees,  
On unfamiliar pathways,  
Afraid to even sneeze.  
He is indeed a hunter,  
A martyr of the chase,  
Who hunts his collar button  
Underneath the dressing case.  
—Washington Star.

## To the Woods.

Mrs. Crimmonsk—It is said that the few great original forests of the United States covered 800,000,000 acres and contained 20,000,000,000 feet of lumber. Mr. Crimmonsk—in those days, you see, there was some place for a man to go when his wife cleaned house. —Yonkers Statesman.

## No Use.

"This popular fiction is all bosh. In real life the father seldom objects to the man of her choice."  
"You're wrong there. He often objects, but he's usually too wise to say anything." —Kansas City Journal.

## No Room For His Imagination.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at a luncheon in New York complained that the Christmas toys of 1909 had been too elaborate, too perfect—they left nothing to the child's imagination. "Anatole France," said Mrs. Belmont, "pays a fine tribute to the imagination of children in 'L'Événement' when he tells of a little boy playing by himself who imagines that he is at once a runaway horse, the crowd pursuing it and the people scattering in terror before its wild flight."

"The costly toys of 1909 pay no such tribute to the child's imagination. On the contrary, they ignore it altogether. 'I know a woman' who gave her little son a railroad. There were forty or fifty yards of track, there were flag engineers and brakemen, conductors and passengers, runnels, signalmen, station masters and ticket sellers. In a word, the toy railroad was quite complete."

"The little boy studied it very gravely Christmas morning. Then he turned to his mother and said in a disconsolate voice:

"But, mamma, what is there for me to be?"

## No Snob.

Mrs. Phelps Stokes in one of her college settlement addresses in New York said of snobbishness:

"I hate the snob so bitterly that I can almost sympathize with the thief in the tunnel."

"During the French revolution, you know, a thief and a marquis jolted in a tumbril side by side through the wild streets of Paris on the way to the guillotine, while a venerable priest tried to console their terrible last ride with moral reflections."

"A bas la noblesse! Down with the aristocrats!" shouted the red capped mob.

"Thereupon the thief rose to the cart and cried:

"My friends, you deceive yourselves. I am not an aristocrat. I am a thief."

"The priest plucked him by the sleeve, saying reproachfully:

"Sit down. This is no time for vanity."

## No Place For Celestials.

George Richmond Hayes, the noted San Francisco ethnologist, said at a recent dinner:

"The yellow races are held in better esteem than used to be the case in the West."

"I once visited a very rough boom town in Oregon, near Cottage Grove. In the leading saloon a man with a red shirt said to me:

"Ye wanker carry yourself almighty straight in these parts, stranger. Go wrong the better side and we'll fynch ye as quick as look at ye."

"I smiled."

"Would you lynch me?" I asked, if I killed a dog?"

"Would we?" he snorted. "Why, stranger, we've lynched fellows here for killing Chinamen!"

## PEOPLE OF THE DAY

## A Kentucky Statesman.

Representative Ollie M. James of Kentucky, one of the minority members of the joint committee to investigate the Ballinger-Pinchot affair, is one of the best known of the younger statesmen on the Democratic side of the house. A native of the Blue Grass State and thirty-nine years old, Mr. James is serving his fourth term as a national lawmaker. He is a typical son of the state that claims him. More than six feet high and built on massive lines, he has the voice and presence for oratory, and his looks do not belie him. A couple of years ago William J. Bryan, it is alleged, predicted that Mr. James would be the leader of the Democratic party inside of a decade. Many stories have been told of the Kentucky statesman, who is "Big Ollie" to his intimates and "Ollie" to every one else. There are no frills about him, no affectation, and he is easy to approach.



OLLIE M. JAMES.

Not so long ago Mr. James was driving through a hilly section of Kentucky on a pleasure jaunt and, happening to notice a well beside a farmhouse, pulled up and asked the farmer if he could give him a drink.

"No, sah. As much as I would like to 'commode' you, sah, I can't do a thing for you. But if you'll pull in at Jones', 'bout fuh miles ahead, you can get something," said the farmer.

"But I thought I noticed a fine well here on your place?" said the big congressman.

"Why, I didn't know you wanted water. I thought you wanted a drink," said the farmer, who thereupon invited Mr. James in to help himself from the ironbound bucket.

## A Sociable Senator.

Uncle Joe Stephenson of Wisconsin is a great hand to "go visitin'" around the senate. He does not like to stay in his seat any more of the time than need be. Often when the session is in progress he goes over to one of his neighbor senators and whispers in his ear burning thoughts about what happened last night.

Some of the statesmen like it, and others are disposed to have urgent business when Senator Stephenson comes in sight.

## The New Chief Forester.

Henry S. Graves, who succeeded Gifford Pinchot as chief forester of the United States, is splendidly equipped both by training and experience for the position. The new forester and Albert F. Potter, his recently appointed associate, are both known as Pinchot men.

Both have served under Mr. Pinchot, and both are in sympathy with his policy of administration.

It was largely through Mr. Pinchot's efforts that the Yale forestry school



HENRY S. GRAVES.

was established, and Mr. Graves went from the post of assistant chief of the division of forestry under Mr. Pinchot to become director of the school in 1907. He had served in the forestry division for two years.

Mr. Graves was graduated from Yale in 1892. He was trained in forestry in this country and in Europe and has had extensive experience in the west, having made the reconnaissance survey of the Black Hills in 1897.

## Dates For Grand American Shoot.

The Grand American handicap shoot will be held under the auspices of the Interstate Shooting association in Chicago on June 21, 22, 23 and 24, according to announcement recently made in Pittsburg.

## Sale Wash Goods

12 1-2c Percales, 8c Yard

Until Monday night we will give you the opportunity to buy Wash Goods at less than regular price.

52 pieces 36-inch Percales, quality and finish not quite up to our 12 1-2 Standard Percales, but as good as sold in many city stores at 12 1-2c. Buy what you want before sold at 8c per yard.

## Peerless Muslin Underwear

From Experience None Better.

February—This month we make a special in White Goods of all kinds. It will pay you to investigate before you buy.

New Laces and Hamburgs by the yard. A stock equal to city stores to select from.

See the counter of Wide Hamburgs and Insertions to match your choice, 10c per yard.

White Goods by the yard, Stripe and Check Dimities, Stripe Brocade Effects, Batiste, Flaxons, White Pique, Nainsook and Long Cloths.

White Sale Shirt Waists

## The Vaughan Store

A.W. BADGER &amp; CO., MORSE BLOCK, Barre, Vt.

Funeral Directors. Licensed Embalmers.  
Residence Calls: 22 Eastern Avenue and 115 Seminary Street.  
Telephone: Store, 447-11. House: 447-21 and 208-6.

COMFORTABLE ANNUANCE AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

## AN EXPERIMENT.

By M. QUAD.

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The lazy man of the village of Rawsonville was Silas White. He had been lazy for many years. There were several old residents who could remember that when he and his wife moved into the village he was a workman and ambitious. Then one day he attended a circus and was kicked by a giraffe. The circus men gave him a dollar as damages and sent him home. A doctor examined him and said no great harm had been done, but Silas took it into his head that he had received severe internal injuries and that any further labor would take him to his grave.

One afternoon when Silas had wandered down to the bridge over the river, for the first time in four years, some hilarious young men seized him and threw him over the railing. He did not resist. It would have been too much like work. It was expected, of course, that soon after striking the water the lazy man would set his legs and arms in motion and help himself ashore. He did nothing of the sort. He simply permitted himself to sink slowly and easily to the bottom, and he lay there until those who had flung him in helped him out.

Again, one winter's evening Silas was seized at his own gate and carried a mile away and flung into a snowdrift and told to lie there and freeze or make his way home. There was some slight doubt as to which course he would adopt, but it was soon settled. He snuggled down in a drift, and there he was found five hours later by the conscience-stricken men who had left him. He had been frost bitten, but he had saved his reputation.

A dry goods drummer visiting the village heard of the case and recommended a cure and offered to administer it himself. At midnight a figure with horns and hoofs and tail, supposed to be a good imitation of our old friend down below, opened the unlocked door of the White cottage, and Silas and his wife were awakened to find the intruder in their bedroom. Silas took a long look and asked what was wanted.

"I want you!" was the answer in an awful voice.

"What for?"

"I want you to come with me to the bottomless pit!"

"Then you'll have to carry me," replied the champion as he turned over toward the wall.

It was now realized that nothing could be done with such a man, and for years Silas was left to enjoy his business in peace. It was the general opinion that he would be too lazy to draw his last breath when the time came and that his uncomplaining wife would have to do it for him. There was to come a change, however. One day after the wife had placed a chair

for him under an apple tree and left him to smoke and sleep she noticed a thunderstorm creeping in on the west. It was her duty to watch things and bring Silas in before the storm broke, but she suddenly decided to make an experiment. She would leave him where he was and see if he would seek shelter rather than get wet. It wasn't a bit like her to do this, and she never could make out why she thought came to her that day.

The black cloud grew larger, and the thunder muttered and the lightning flashed. Silas heard things and woke up. He saw the coming storm, and he saw his wife in the back door. He waited for her, but she did not come. Lightning did, however. There were twenty barns and houses and trees around for it to strike, but it ignored all of them and struck Silas White. It seemed to scatter him over half an acre of ground. It tore off his clothes and pulled off his boots. It burned off his whiskers and bleached his eyebrows. He was gathered up as a man dead as a door nail, but at the end of two hours he suddenly sat up. Silas was a little bewildered, but still in the ting.

There were half a dozen men in the house when the champion came to himself. They were expecting to hear him drawlingly ask what had happened when he jumped off the bed and began driving them out. In five minutes he had cleared the house of mourners. Then, in spite of the fearful protests of his wife, he soaked the ax and cut more firewood than he had in six years before. When he dropped the ax at last it was to pick up hammer and nails and begin patching up the bog holes in the fence. Before night he had weeded the garden and put a new hinge on the gate.

People came to ask Silas how he felt when struck by the thunderbolt, and he answered at the top of his voice and rolled out the words so fast that he could hardly be understood. He couldn't bear to be still a minute. That thunderbolt had changed Silas White from a champion lazy man to a champion hustler. He uprooted trees, pulled down fences and dug holes in the garden. Inside a week he had four fights about politics and called every man in the village a liar. They couldn't stop him from working and talking. He got to putting down the shade trees along the street and to making speeches on the postoffice steps, and after a fortnight, as there was nothing more he could hustle for and nothing more as could talk about, he committed suicide by hanging. At the inquest the coroner said:

"I don't reckon we are going to blame the Whitey White guy in this case, but it's the unluckiest kind of a warden to live again gittin' a handle on a lazy husband."

After about thirty shots the rifle of the present was back you of 2500 foot seconds velocity becomes so badly worn as to destroy the accuracy. In the case of the new fourteen inch gun the erosion is much less, and the gun will be serviceable for about 300 shots.